WARHAMMER
MONTHLY
7
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Inside...
Darkblade
Tz'arkan triumphant!
plus! SHADOWFAST
BLOODQUEST • DÆMONIFUGE

WARHAMMER MONTHLY

Praise be to the glorious might of Chaos the all-powerful! The ever-mutating force, where the only constant is change. At its gloriously foul heart, the only certainty is that nothing is ever certain! Wheels within wheels, the circle of Chaos, death and rebirth. Anarchy upon disorder upon mayhem! As something dies, savage new life springs from its rotting corpse, bestial and twisted. For such is the way of blessed Chaos, endless and unknowable, and destined to rule over all!

By the Emperor! *What is this vile filth?! I can hardly believe my ears! I shall not endure this heresy a moment longer! Why, just as soon as this disruption in the Warp has cleared, I shall summon up a veritable battle-fleet and wipe your corrupt carcass from the face of the galaxy. For—*

Foolish and petty Space Marine, I care naught for your empty threats! Calm yourself, fool! Besides, I was merely musing upon the fact that in this issue the story of twisted old Malus Darkblade concludes, while the thrilling new tale of the Elf wardancer Shadowfast begins. Thus the cycle of Chaos begins once more, as it always has, as it always will, spiralling ever—

Oh shut up!

Inside this comic...

DAEMONIFUGE
The starship Hammer of Thor has been destroyed by Chaos – leaving Ephrael Stern and her fellow Sisters of Battle plummetting towards the surface of Pamis!

SHADOWFAST
Deep in the ancient Elf forest of Athel Loren, Chaos and murder has reared its ugly head. Only a solitary Elven Wardancer can stop the carnage. • ***NEW SERIES!!*** •

BLOODQUEST
Seeking the lost sword of Belarius, Leonatos and the Blood Angels battle their way aboard the flagship of the foul Ork warlord, Garshûl the Destroyer

DARKBLADE
In this final episode, Malus Darkblade, possessed by a Daemon, has found the five ancient artefacts to set him free. But what will happen when Tz'arkan is loose once more?

Starting next month!

DWARFLORDS

Only in issue 8 of Warhammer Monthly. All action, every month!

GAMES WORKSHOP

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DAEMONIFUGE

SCRIPT Jim Cam[illegible]
ART Kev Walker
LETTERS Fiona Stoughton

"THE *HAMMER OF THOR* SPLIT THE HEAVENS ASUNDER, A NEW SUN IN THE FIRMAMENT

"WE HAD BEEN UNAWARE THAT THE CHAOS-TAINTED NAVIGATOR, MAIELLE, HAD COMPLETED HIS FOUL DEED; OUR SIN OF PRIDE AMPLY DISPLAYED IN HIS HANDIWORK.

"ESCAPING BY MERE CHANCE URGED ON BY AN INQUISITOR'S ZEAL, WE FELL PLANETWARD

"BUT OUR LIVES HAD *NOT* YET BEEN SPARED.

SHOCKWAVE!! BRACE FOR *IMPACT!*

"CHAOS PURSUED US EVEN AS WE FELL THROUGH THE ATMOSPHERE OF PARNIS

KKKRSCK

RUUUTCH!!

"THERE WAS NOTHING TO DO BUT HOLD FAST. HOPE WE COULD OUT-RUN IT.

"...AND PRAY EVER HARDER.

"IT WAS LIKE ANY ASSAULT DROP, ALL THUNDER AND FURY.

"BUT ONE AMONGST US FELT THE NAKED HORROR OF IT ALL."

NNNYYAAAAARH!!
" I UNDERSTOOD LATER THAT BEING A PSYKER HAND HAD FELT THE DEATH OF EVERY MEMBER OF THE CREW
" TWO THOUSAND INNOCENT SOULS TURNED INSIDE OUT BY THE HAMMER OF THOR'S COLLAPSING WARP FIELD GENERATOR.
" I'M SURPRISED HE TOOK IT AS WELL AS HE DID "
AAAH! I SEE IT NOW... VENOMOUS WITCHES...
GHNNN!... IT'S ALL SO CLEAR!
HARLOTS OF CHAOS!
ALL ABOUT ME IS CHAOS AND DEVIANCY!!

WHAT'S GOT HIM?
BEATS ME.
I'LL NOT SUFFER A WITCH TO LIVE!!
BLESSED ARE THEY THAT REAP THE SINNERS FROM THE SIGHT OF THE EMPEROR
AAAAAGGHH!
STOP HIM!
DAMNED ARE THOSE THAT CONSORT WITH CHAOS!

ALL THAT HAVE TRUCK WITH THE VILE PUTREFACTION !
BDOOM
BDOOM
- SHALL FIND NO SUCCOUR
GET THAT DAMNED BOLTER OFF HIM
BOOM
MEDIC!
KNOCK HIM OUT!!
BURN, BURN! I'LL KILL YOU ALL!!!
FIVE SECONDS TO LANDFALL ASSUME IMPACT POSITIONS!
WHAT!?
HOLD TIGHT!

UUNGH. SOLID GROUND ALRIGHT.
UNGH! COME ON, DAMN YOU-
LEAVE HIM, SISTER
WE ARE GOING TO HAVE QUITE ENOUGH PROBLEMS, WITHOUT A MADMAN TO CONTEND WITH
I AM THINKING OF THE MISSION I DON'T KNOW WHY, BUT I KNOW WE NEED HIM.
GO ON AHEAD-I CAN'T LEAVE THE INQUISITOR.
WE DON'T HAVE TIME EPHRAEL YOU KNOW THE DRILL!
NOW - GET YOURSELF CLEAR!
WE MUST MAKE HASTE!
THE HAMMER OF THOR IS FOLLOWING US DOWN!
WE HAVE TO CLEAR THE LANDING SITE!

WHATEVER YOU MAY WISH, INQUISITOR YOU WILL SURVIVE THIS DAY!
KEEP MOVING- MAINTAIN FORMATION...
TARGET CLOSING!
UNGH DAMN YOU SILAS - GET ME KILLED AND YOU'LL REGRET IT!
WELL DONE, MY SISTERS- YOU, AT LEAST, WILL BE SAFE.
...HIS DIVINE WILL PRESERVE US...

BAWOOOOOOM!!!
"...AND THE GROUND WAS SCOURGED BY ITS PURIFYING FLAME
"CHAOS SNAPPED AT THE HEELS OF THOSE THAT FLED EXACTING A HEAVY TOLL
"AND THE FEW THAT SURVIVED WERE TEMPERED BY THE FIRE...
BY THE EMPEROR'S BLOOD...
"...AND WHAT DOES NOT DESTROY THE ADEPTUS SORORITAS, MAKES THEM STRONGER."
EPHRAEL
TO BE CONTINUED...

SOMEWHERE IN THE WARP...

AHA, A MESSAGE is coming through the Warp. Perhaps it is news of reinforcements, or a routine missive intended to stir my heart and rejoice in the foul glories of Chaos. Eh? Oh no, it's just some fan mail, curse it!

• I love your stories. They are the best, the coolest, in short absolutely fab!!! But I would like to see an Imperial Guard feature, especially Cadians or Tallarn desert raiders. P.S. I especially like Bloodquest and Titan – *Jonathan Hansell, Cornhill-on-Tweed, Northumberland*

✲ Imperial Guard! Ha! The magnificent forces of Chaos will trample them into the mud beneath their boots and doven feet!

• While in all other respects Daemonfuge (along with the rest of *Warhammer Monthly*) is truly excellent, there seems to be more than a little confusion regarding where it is set. We are told at the beginning that events are taking place in 'Convent Prions, Terra' and the Canoness' guards tell the Inquisitor that he has no authority in the Convent Prions. All well and good so far, but Ramentes offers to give Hand a tour of the Convent Sanctorum, which is on Ophelia VII, quite a long distance away from Terra! Also, the Battle Sisters wear the livery of the Order of Our Martyred Lady, who're based on Ophelia VII. What is going on? – *Laurence Sinclair, Coldbrook, Barry, Wales*

✲ He he he! The powers of Chaos to sow confusion and anarchy are mighty indeed! He he he! (Oh very well, somebody made a mistake. It should be Ophelia VII. Rest assured that the worm responsible has been suitably 'chastised'!)

• Just a short note to congratulate you on another fine issue of *Warhammer Monthly*. I've really been impressed with the Darkblade and Daemonfuge strips, and feel that they should be reprinted in graphic novel format at a later date – *Peter Sidebotham, Hulme Walfield, Cheshire*

✲ Do you, indeed? And I suppose all you other opinionated little humans will write in if you want collected editions of the strips too. Pah!

• WAAAAAAHAHAHAHAH! ALL PRAISE TO SLAANESH, PRINCE OF CHAOS! How the pathetic legions of the Empire struggle to resist His rule, and how my misguided Eldar kindred do fail to see His beauty!! But worship and preachings aside, I wish to congratulate you on the production of such a work of inspiration! For such misguided creatures it is almost good, even to my twisted Farseer's mind! Yes, I am a Chaos Elder, Farseer Karranie Straan, Foremoste of Straa-Henn, Craftworld of the Damned!! And it shall be so soon when our brave warriors storm your pathetic real-space, raining forth from the Eye of Terror! Ha ha he haaa...

My only complaint is that my Kindred, the Eldar, have been excluded from the pages of *Warhammer Monthly*, and that's just not fair! Not even if they do kick the stuffing out of all you girly Space Marines! Ah, but back to my schemings. I believe I can hear my equal from Ulthwe approaching to tighten my straight-jacket... Best wishes, submit to Slaanesh – *Karranie Straan*

✲ That's much more like it! This chap sounds like an eminently sensible fellow! Do write again!

By the Emperor! Trapped out here in the Warp, I feel a million miles from the workface of battle. Tell me, whst news from the homeworlds?

Stuck out hare as I am, I was contempleting making some model figures of my favourite Werhammer Monthly charecters. But I need to know – which ones shall I immortalise es magnificent sculptures? These will doubtless take eges for me to design, so please let me know which ones you'd like me to make first!

Kel Jerico

Scabbs

Leonetos

Cloten

Ephrael Stern

Inquisitor Hend

Darkblade

Spite

Or perheps you heve your own suggestions? Let us know!

Send your letters to this eddress:

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• If you are sending in a letter, it would be very useful if you could tell us your opinions of this issue, so clip or copy this coupon, fill it in and include it with your letter.

This is from issue .....

Favourite story .....

.....

Least favourite story

.....

Do you play (tick)

Warhammer .....

Warhammer 40,000 .....

Other GW games .....

Your age .....

'BRETONNIA, THE FOOT HILLS TO THE NORTHERN RANGE OF THE VAULTS.
'IT HAS TAKEN TWO DAYS TO TRACK THEM DOWN.
'ONLY TO BE CONFRONTED BY CARNAGE AND DEATH.
'IT GOES BADLY FOR THE HUMANS, CAUGHT UNAWARES BY THE BRUTAL HORROR AND DARK POWER THAT IS CHAOS
'BUT NOTHING SHALL INTERFERE WITH MY QUEST, NO ONE SHALL ROB ME OF MY...!
REVENGE!
Shadowfast
SCRIPT MICHAEL BROWNE • ART SIMON HARRISON LETTERS DAVID PUGH

GLORY TO NURGLE!
UP THERE! WHO THE HELL IS THAT?
'THEIR FORCED MARCH WEST IN SEARCH OF PLUNDER HAD BROUGHT THE WARBAND OF CHAOS LITTLE IN THE WAY OF EASY PREY ... UNTIL NOW.
STUPID HUMAN!
TO FETID NASTOR RAKK AND HIS DEGENERATE SERVANTS. THE ILL-DEFENDED HUMANS WERE A GIFT FROM THEIR TWISTED GOD.
HHNN?
'YET EVEN SUCH SIMPLE PLEASURES MAY COME AT A HIGH PRICE.'
LET THE DANCE BEGIN!

'I CAME IN SEARCH OF SWEET REVENGE,
DIE!
RRACK!
'ONLY TO FIND THAT MY PREY HAS FOUND ITSELF ANOTHER DESTINY!
'BUT THE VENGEANCE SHALL BE MINE ALONE!'
AH, AN ELF SOUL FOR MY BLADE!
ARE YOU SO EAGER FOR DEATH, CHAOS SCUM?

YOU STAND ALONE, ELF, AND YOU ARE NOTHING TO SUCH AS US!
WHERE ARE YOU GOING? COWARDS! TRAITORS! HE IS BUT ONE!
BUT A WARDANCER? WE HADN'T BARGAINED ON THAT!
BEWARE ELF! I, NASTOR RAKK, DAMN YOUR EYES- SOON YOU WILL KNOW CHAOS...
AND TO KNOW CHAOS IS TO KNOW DEATH!
ANOTHER TIME, ANOTHER FIGHT. I LOOK FORWARD TO IT!
BUT FIRST...

SON, SEE THAT EVERYTHING IS SECURE. L'ASTEAU, YOU GO WITH THE BOY, WHILE I THANK OUR FRIEND HERE!
BUT... BUT...
JUST DO IT!
AS FOR YOU, MY FRIEND, YOUR ARRIVAL WAS SURELY A GIFT FROM THE GODS!
NOT ONE OF YOUR GODS, I'LL WAGER.
HMM?
KURNOUS SENT ME... FOR BLOOD.
HAIL STRANGER, MANY THANKS.
ARE YOU SURE?
FREDERICKS, NO...
I AM NOT SO EASILY TRICKED AS OTHERS YOU HAVE MET!

I TOLD YOU THEY'D KNOW, DIDN'T I?
SHUT IT AND KEEP BACK!
KILL THE ELF!
I KNEW... I JUST...
WAS THERE THIS MUCH SPORT IN THE KILLING OF MY KIN?
ONE WOMAN AGAINST SO MANY!
SO THAT WAS HOW YOU CAUGHT HER UNAWARES...
.. BUT THIS PARLOUR TRICK WILL NOT WORK ON ONE SUCH AS I.
'FOR I AM EQUOS. I AM THE WARDANCER.'

I AM THE DEATH BRINGER!
NOW TELL ME WHERE THEY ARE!
WHERE WHAT ARE?
DON'T PLAY ALL MY KIND FOR FOOLS ... HUMAN!

VERY WELL ... WE WERE SUCH FOOLS, BOY, GET THE HORSES - NOW!

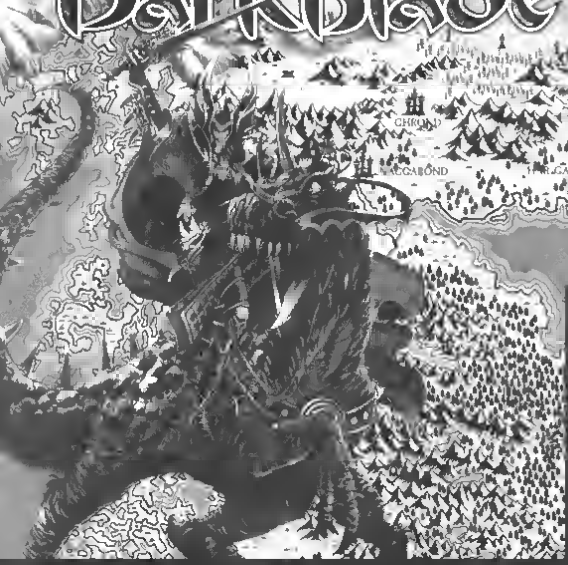
... WHILE I KILL THIS CURSED ELF!!

TELL ME, TREACHEROUS DOG, DID YOU EVER IMAGINE YOUR DEEDS WOULD COST YOU SO DEAR?

PLEASE, SPARE THE BOY - HE IS INNOCENT!
REALLY?
UNGH!

NO! FATHER!
NO! HE TRIED TO STOP THEM KILLING HER!
YET ALL THAT REMAINS ARE HER HORSES. HE DIDN'T TRY HARD ENOUGH!
THEN KILL ME TOO!
KILL ME!
NO, FOR SOMEONE MUST SURVIVE.
SURVIVE TO TELL ALL MEN THAT...
'ATHEL LOREN IS NOT A PLACE OF FORGIVENESS!'
TO BE CONTINUED

DarkBlade



Naggaroth, the land of Chill

The Dark Elves were driven from the Elven homeland of Ulthuan many centuries ago, and now live in six heavily fortified cities in the bleak and unwelcoming homeland of Naggaroth, the land of Chill. The name is an appropriate one, for most of their realm is a harsh wilderness of frozen tundra. The Dark Elves are a cruel race, their spired and steepled city-fortresses places of torture, despair and death. Naggarond, Ghrond, Karond Kar, Hag Graef, Har Ganeth, Clar Karond, so are the six named. Slavery and cruel servitude are the means by which the Dark Elves support their depraved and sinister empire.

The enemies of the Dark Elves are many. Apart from the endless treachery and internecine strife within Naggaroth itself, the Elves of Ulthuan are perhaps the Dark Elves' most implacable foe. Yet they are also hated by the races of the Old World and beyond, and certainly they have no great friendship with the Lizardmen of Lustria. Yet the greatest enemy lies to the north, in the Realm of Chaos. Here the Chaos Gods watch and listen, gathering their armies for the time when Chaos shall inherit the whole world.

Malus Darkblade

Malus Darkblade is one of the Dark Elves, and shares the arrogance and petty cruelty common to his kind. Driven by greed and ambition, Malus led his warband beyond the northernmost watch towers of the realm, and here his year-long doom began.

Spite

Malus rides his Cold One steed, Spite, into battle. Yet Spite is different. Spite shares the mindless ravening fury of his kind, but somehow has a malign cunning, a glimmering intelligence uncommon amongst the bestial lizard beasts. Malus counts himself blessed by the Dark Gods to have found such a steed. And Spite is unswervingly loyal to his master.

The Tower of Tz'arkan

It was autumn when Malus ventured into the Chaos wastelands and discovered the tower, but the grey skies were already leaden with the heavy promise of snow. Here, the lust for treasure snared Malus into a deadly trap – he became possessed by the Daemon Tz'arkan.

The Pact

The pact they struck was simple. Malus must free the Daemon from its prison of stone within a year. And that freedom was to be dearly bought in blood and pain. His reward for success would be riches beyond imagining. The price of failure would be death! There were five unholy relics to be gathered from afar. Only these had the power to free the Daemon. Each was jealously guarded.

The Curse of Tz'arkan

As the year progressed, the daemonic possession manifested itself by twisting and malforming Malus with tendrils of raw Chaos which gnawed away at his body and soul. Within a year, he would be consumed utterly, and his soul taken by the cruel gods of Chaos whom the Daemon served.

Five Unholy Relics

The Octagram of Praan

Praan the loyal Slaughterer of Slaaneth the Laughing Prince, the insane Immortal Praan the servant of Chaos who destroyed empires in the name of his lusting master Slaaneth But ever whimsical Slaaneth became bored of his puppet and recast his very essence within an eight-pointed star of Chaos to remind all his slaves that even loyalty is a form of stability and that all should ever be change The Octagram is strong in the raw essence of magic a powerhouse to break the binding spell

The Idol of Kokuth

Created by the mad sorcerer Enadorius, this idol was fashioned from a compacted fragment of the warpstone meteorite which struck the city of Mordheim centuries age Coated in brass the black essence of warpstone weeps from its ancient joints.

The Dagger of Torxue

A legend Torxus was said to be one of the champions of Malekith, a cruel and powerful Elf originally hailing from Caledor before the time of the Sundering His dagger was enchanted to contain the souls of all it slew and before being lost with the sinking of the Black Ark 'Palace of Suffering' it was reputed to be an unholy harbinger of death and destruction

The Warpsword of Khaine

A talisman of glorious power this sword was wielded by Gasnoth at the Battle of Maledor Stolen from Sajhery by Hotrik, renegade prince of Vaul along with the sacred hammer from Vaul's anvil the once-glorious weapon was twisted and cursed to do only the bidding of Khaine god of murder and war

The Amulet of Vaurog - the final artefact

Vaurog the ancient serpent mother who was said to dwell in the deepest caves below the Black Spine Mountains. Vaurog ancient mother of Tz'arkan Vaurog long since disputed of this realm to stake her insatiable soul-hunger in the raw essence of the realm of Chaos.

Tz'arkan Soul Drinker, Daemon Prince

Where Praan was twisted and destroyed by his master Tz'arkan was more cunning, spreading his loyalty between the gods His schemings and machinations at the dawn of the world led to the anger of the four and his incarceration first in this world alone and ultimately in the pillar of obsidian within his own fortress. Here he would suffer an endless exile unless he could similarly trap an unwilling pawn to free him

So now the year draws to a close, time runs out for Malus Darkblade. Will he find riches or a hideous death on the snow-capped mountains north of the Watchtowers? Read the conclusion to this epic story on page 321

BLOODQUEST

ONSLAUGHT

SCRIPT: GORDON RENNIE
ART: COLIN MACNEIL
LETTERS: MONA STEVENSON

"LEPTIS, SCENE OF A LIFE OR - DEATH STRUGGLE BETWEEN IMPERIUM FORCES AND AN ARMY OF ORK INVADERS !

CAST THEM BACK ! NO QUARTER GIVEN TO GREENSKIN ALIEN FILTH !

" BUT, AS THE HUMAN FORCES MAKE THEIR LAST STAND BELOW, ANOTHER EVEN MORE DESPERATE STRUGGLE IS HAPPENING IN ORBIT ABOVE

THEY HAVE HUNTED FOR **WARLORD GARSHÛL THE DESTROYER** ACROSS THE GALAXY SEARCHING FOR THE STOLEN BLADE ENCARMINE NOW, **LEONATOS AND HIS BLOOD ANGELS** MOUNT A NEAR SUICIDAL TELEPORT ASSAULT ON THE **ORK COMMAND HULK** !

CLOSE RANKS ! MAINTAIN BATTLE FORMATION ! CONSERVE AMMUNITION CHAINSWORDS AND CONTROLLED BURSTS ONLY !
FIGHT A PATH THROUGH THEM ! WE MUST FIND THE COMMAND DECK AND THEIR WARLORD !
CHOOM-CHOOM!
BUT HOW ? THERE MUST BE THOUSANDS OF CORRIDORS AND CHAMBERS WITHIN THIS VESSEL !
HAH, WHAT DO THEY TEACH YOU IN THE TRAINING COMPANY THESE DAYS, STRIPLING ? STAND BACK AND LET BROTHER CLOTEN GIVE YOU A LESSON IN ORK FIGHTING.
THE MORE OF THEM YOU FIND, AND THE BIGGER THEY GET, THE CLOSER YOU KNOW YOU'RE GETTING TO THEIR LEADER'S LAIR !
SCHRAAAK!!
THIS WAY !
FIGHT GREENSKINS AS MANY TIMES AS I HAVE, AND YOU SOON LEARN HOW TO SNIFF THEM OUT OF HIDING !

FOLLOW HIM QUICKLY !
BUT MY LORD, HE IS POSSESSED BY THE RED THIRST !
THEN TRULY SANGUINIUS MOVES IN MYSTERIOUS WAYS, TRANIO
THE RED THIRST IS A CURSE - OUR CHAPTER'S TERRIBLE SECRET - BUT IT IS ALSO PART OF OUR SACRED INHERITANCE FROM THE DIVINE SANGUINIUS HIMSELF
IT IS A SIGN TRANIO SANGUINIUS IS WITH US
SHLACK!!
HE SENDS US A MADMAN ONE IN THE GRIP OF HIS OWN GENE-CURSE - TO GUIDE US
FOR THE EMPEROR ! FOR SANGUINIUS ! FOR BELARIUS AND THE BLADE ENCARMINE !

GARSHUL'S THRONE ROOM. OUR QUEST IS ALMOST OVER !
MY LORD, WAIT !
EMPERORS OATH ! AS IF ONE MADMAN WEREN'T ENOUGH TO DEAL WITH
SCOUT NOVICE LYSANDER COME WITH ME. PALEMON AND PROTEUS HOLD THE ENTRANCE AND ASSIST BROTHER CLOTEN !
AND BEST TRY TO STAY OUT OF HIS WAY ! I'VE SEEN THOSE TAKEN BY THE RED THIRST FALL UPON THEIR OWN COMRADES WHEN THERE WAS NOTHING ELSE LEFT TO KILL !
COME OUT AND FACE ME, DESTROYER I'VE CROSSED HALF THE GALAXY TO FIND YOU, GREENSKIN SCUM, AND I'LL NOT BE CHEATED NOW
BROTHER CAPTAIN, BEWARE
THIS IS NOT THE WORK OF ORKS THERE IS HORROR HERE FAR BEYOND THE IMAGINATIONS OF THOSE MINDLESS CREATURES

YES, IT IS A FINE TROPHY COLLECTION, IS IT NOT, BLOOD ANGEL ?
ONE TROPHY FOR EVERY WORLD PLUNDERED EVERY CITY BURNED EVERY SPACEFLEET SMASHED EVERY RIVAL DE TROYED
LOOK UPON MY WORKS, AND KNOW ME FOR WHAT I AM
I AM THE DESTROYER. I AM THE HARBRINGER OF WHAT IS TO COME. I AM YOUR DESTINY
I HAVE SENSED YOU MOVING THROUGH THE WARP IN SEARCH OF ME, BLOOD ANGEL. THE ONLY REASON YOU HAVE SURVIVED THIS FAR IS BECAUSE I HAVE ALLOWED IT
KHOOM!! KHOOM!! KHOOM!!
I SERVE THE EMPEROR AND THE BLESSED SANGUINIUS AND IN THEIR NAME I CLAIM THE VENGEANCE THAT IS MINE !
GREENSKIN SAVAGE. WHAT RIGHT DO YOU HAVE TO SPEAK OF DESTINY ?
HA HA HA HA HA

EMPEROR SAVE US! IT IS A DAEMON. A CREATURE OF THE WARP!
BEHIND US, MY LORD WE ARE SURROUNDED!
TRAITOR MARINES! THE GREENSKINS' ALLIES ARE TRAITOR MARINES!
NOW DO YOU BEGIN TO UNDERSTAND BL TO ANGEL
THI BODY HAS SERVED ME WELL BUT NOW I NEED A NEW SHELL ONE STRONG ENOUGH TO CARRY MY SPIRIT INTO BATTLE IN THE COMING WAR WHEN MY DAEMON BRETHREN BREAK OUT OF THE EYE OF TERROR.
YOU WILL BE MY NEW HOST, LEONATOS. THAT IS WHY I HAVE ALLOWED YOU TO LIVE UNTIL NOW. THAT IS WHY I HAVE LURED YOU HERE T FACE ME!
DID YOU REALLY THINK ALL THIS WAS JUST THE WORK OF ANOTHER PETTY ORK WARLORD? DID YOU NOT SENSE SOME GREATER INTELLIGENCE DIRECTING THE ATTACKS OF MY ORK SLAVES?
A NEW BLACK CRUSADE IS COMING. I HAVE BEEN SENT AHEAD TO PREPARE THE WAY TO TEST OUR ENEMY'S DEFENCES AND SOW CONFUSION IN HIS RANKS.
NEXT: BLOOD DUEL!

BEHOLD ! HEAR HOW THE GRIM TALE OF MALUS DARKBLADE NOW CONCLUDES...
DarkBlade
PART SIX
SCRIPT: DAN ABNETT ✳ ART: KEV HOPGOOD
...HERE IN THIS DESOLATE WOODLAND DEEP IN THE WASTES OF CHAOS
ABOMINATION! DRUCHII SCUM, IT SHALL NOT BE YOURS!
BY THE DARK SUN, MALUS! THESE MONSTERS OF CHAOS DARE CALL YOU ABOMINATION!
SHRUCKH!
AND SO I AM DAEMON!
SO I AM!
RREEARGHH!
SHUKK!

WHAT!? DON'T YOU DIE CREATURE ?
GNUHHH!
GHGG ! NO ! NOOO ! DAEMON ! GIVE ME STRENGTH !
AS YOU WISH, MALUS DARKBLADE.
AH HA ! BY MY LORD OF LIES. WE'VE DONE IT, MALUS ! THE LAST RELIC IS OURS !
SWWTCHHH!

WOULD THAT I CURSED DAEMON !
I AM BROKEN RUINED, DESTROYED ! FOR A YEAR I HAVE DONE YOUR FOUL BIDDING !
RELEASE ME OR LET ME DIE NOW ! I CANNOT GO ON !
NO, MALUS . .
. . . YOU WILL NOT. I DID NOT SAY IT WAS OVER.. YOU WILL RETRIEVE THE LAST RELIC. AND THEN YOU WILL BRING ALL FIVE TO ME SO THAT I CAN BE FREE.
EARRGHHHH ! ENOUGH !
ENOUGH !
I WILL DO AS YOU SAY
THERE ! THE AMULET OF VAUROG ! I HAVE IT DAEMON. ! I HAVE THEM ALL !

WINTER HAD COME AROUND AGAIN, AS COLD AND BITTER AS THE WINTER BEFORE WHEN MALUS DARKBLADE'S ARROGANCE HAD LED HIM TO THE RESTING PLACE OF THE BOUND DAEMON TZ'ARKAN
... AND THE CURSE HAD COME UPON HIM
HE HAD BEEN GIVEN FOUR SEASONS TO RECOVER FIVE RELICS OF DARK POWER AND RETURN WITH THEM OR HIS LIFE WOULD BE FORFEIT
THOSE FIVE TASKS HAD BEEN DEMANDING. BUT NOW THE HARDEST TASK OF ALL REMAINED
THE JOURNEY BACK ACROSS THE FROZEN WASTES TO FIND THE DAEMON'S PRISON BEFORE THE LAST FEW DAYS OF THE YEAR TICKED AWAY AND TOOK HIS LIFE WITH THEM
BY THE TIME HE REACHED THE DARK GORGE THAT LED TO THE OLD TEMPLE WHERE THE DAEMON WAS BOUND ONLY A SINGLE DAY REMAINED OF HIS ALLOTTED TIME
THE BONES OF HIS KINSMEN LAY WHERE HE HAD LEFT THEM
COLD WINTER GALES SLICED DOWN FROM THE LATITUDES WHERE ICE NEVER MELTS

WELL, DAEMON, I MADE IT ...
SO YOU DID, MALUS ...
AND I HAVE YOUR DAMNED TREASURES. THE OCTAGRAM OF PRAAN THE IDOL OF KOLKUTH THE DAGGER OF TORXUS THE WARPSWORD OF KHAINE...
... THE AMULET OF VAUROG.
NOW LISTEN WELL, MALUS... THIS IS ALL THAT REMAINS FOR YOU TO DO...

IT TOOK MOST OF THAT LAST DAY TO PREPARE THE RITUAL...
SIGILS WERE INSCRIBED, PUNGENT FIRES LIT...
LITANIES RECITED FROM STONE TABLETS SMOOTH WITH AGE...
...AND THEN THE LAST CONJURINGS CHANTED IN A TONGUE THAT HAD NOT BEEN SPOKEN FOR NINE COLD CENTURIES.
THE MAGICAL SHACKLES THAT HAD BOUND TZ'ARKAN FOR SO LONG WERE NOW WORKING LOOSE
SOMEHOW, MALUS WAS NOT SURPRISED THAT THE DAEMON WAS ESCAPING FROM HIM AND NOT THE STONE
TZ'ARKAN WAS FREE ONCE MORE.

LET THE WORLD TREMBLE ! TZ'ARKAN IS FREE !
I AM MADE FLESH ONCE MORE ! I HAVE PHYSICAL FORM ! I LIVE AGAIN !
NOT FOR LONG !
AAAHHHH !
WHAT IS IT, MAZUS? WHY DO YOU ATTACK ME ?
UGHN!
DO YOU PRETEND YOU WOULD HAVE HONOURED OUR PACT ? MY FREEDOM FOR YOURS ? I AM NOT SO FOOLISH AS TO THINK YOU'D LET ME LIVE NOW !

DON'T YOU TRUST ME, MAXUS ?
YOU'RE A DAEMON. WHY SHOULD I ?
FAIR POINT... YOU'RE RIGHT. NOW I'M FREE AGAIN, I AM....
...HUNGRY !
AGGHHH !
CHOKK!

DREADFULLY WOUNDED BY THE VERY RELICS THAT HAD FREED HIM THE DAEMON FLED
MALUS WAS ALONE AT LAST
BUT EVEN AS HE ROSE, MALUS KNEW THERE HAD BEEN A PRICE TO PAY HE FELT AN EMPTINESS, A HOLLOWNESS..
THE DAEMON HAD FLED, TAKING PART OF THE DARK ELF'S SOUL WITH HIM
NOW MALUS DARKBLADE HAD A NEW QUEST, ONE HE KNEW MIGHT TAKE HIM TO THE ENDS OF THE WORLD AND THE EDGES OF HIS LIFESPAN
HOWEVER HE SWORE HE WOULD NOT FAIL TZ'ARKAN WOULD NOT ESCAPE
BUT THAT IS, OF COURSE, ANOTHER TALE ENTIRELY
END OF BOOK ONE.